**you may be a sinner, but your innocence is mine**

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# you may be a sinner, but your innocence is mine

by multifandom_fanfic_writer

Summary

"Hello," Will said. He wanted to say something else, something to convey his relief at Hannibal being alive, being okay, but he didn't know what to say.

"Hello," Hannibal responded. His eyes were bright. "You are very beautiful."

Notes

I can write fluff somtimes! Please enjoy :)

- Translation into Русский available: Ты можешь быть грешником, но твоя невинность принадлежит мне by SnakeCorps

Will's sleep was restless that night.

Garett Jacob Hobbs grinned behind his eyelids, whispering *do you see?* Hobbs then took out a shovel and buried him alive. Beneath the earth, Will spread his arms wide and expanded. He connected with everything around him, every grain of earth and leaf of every tree and every little critter, just so he could feel the whole forest burn.

Will woke up in a cold sweat, hands shaking. Even the warmth of the dogs couldn't bring back the feeling in his numb fingers.

In contrast, Will's day was actually going pretty well.

He'd gone fishing in the morning, standing peacefully in the quiet of the stream. He returned home for lunch. The dogs had been energetic as always, tongues lolling and tails wagging, begging him for scraps.

As he sat on the porch, his phone rung. It was Jack. Will picked it up, praying it wasn't another killer, not so soon.

"Dr. Lecter's in the hospital," Jack said.

Will closed his eyes and cursed whatever God he'd prayed to.

He drove far above the speed limit. His hands clenched around the steering wheel, knuckles white but steady. When Will pulled up to John Hopkins, he finally managed to get his breath under control.

Jack was waiting for him in the lobby.

"Good. You're here," Jack's voice was gruff as he pulled him aside. "I can't stay much longer. Duty calls."

"What happened?"

"Car accident."

Will let out a shuddering breath. It felt unreal, after all he'd seen with the FBI. After Hannibal saved Devon Silvestri's final victim just two days ago. That after all that happened, something as mundane as a *car accident* could be the cause of Hannibal's demise.

"Is he," Will started, but the words stuck in his throat.

"He's alive," Jack said, laying a hand on Will's shoulder. For once Will did not flinch from the contact. "They caught it on camera. It could've been worse, if Dr. Lecter hadn't dodged at the last moment. It wasn't his fault." Somehow, Will was comforted instead of intimidated by the righteousness in Jack's eyes. "The perp is being detained. Dr. Lecter is stable."

"What aren't you saying, Jack."

Jack hesitated just a little too long. Will narrowed his eyes and Jack's mouth flattened to blankness. "Dr. Lecter hit his head pretty hard. Doesn't remember a thing, not even his own name."

Will breathed in sharply.

"It's only temporary, the doctors told me," Jack reassured him quickly. "He's currently drugged and sleeping. A former colleague here identified him, and they ended up calling the bureau, and so here I am."

Will shot Jack a shaky but grateful smile. "Has he woken up yet?"

"Once, this morning. He was speaking gibberish."

Will recalled a session of theirs, two weeks past, flipping though Hannibal's drawing book. "Lithuanian?"

Jack looked at him strangely. "What?"

"He's from Lithuania, originally. If he's really suffering from– from amnesia, he'd probably revert to his mother tongue."

"Could be," Jack said slowly. "I didn't know that."

Will shrugged. "We talk."

"So you do," Jack said with a hum. Jack's phone beeped, and the head of the BSU frowned. "I gotta get back to Quantico. He's in room 394. Alana should be here soon."

Will nodded jerkily. "I'll sit by him untill she gets here." Alana would know what to do. Alana and Hannibal had been friends for years; surely the doctor would want her at his bedside. A smart and beautiful woman like Alana was a much better fit next to a hospital bed than a crazy, sweaty and lonely man like Will.

Jack nodded again and left. Will made his way to the reception. The woman shot him a superfluous smile.

"Will Graham. I'm here to visit Hannibal Lecter, room 394," Will greeted her awkwardly.

The nurse looked him over, mouth twitching in disapproval. She might even know Hannibal herself – as an older nurse, she might have worked here when Hannibal did. It wasn't hard for Will to see she didn't believe someone like him belonged with someone like Hannibal.

That made two of them. Will was still wearing his fishing clothes. The only clean things on him were his shoes and jacket. He hadn't slept well in the past few days. Weeks. He probably looked like he belonged in a hospital bed instead of a visitor's chair.

The nurse's eyebrow raised slightly. She turned to him with a bland smile. "You're on the list," and Will thanked Jack for fixing that. "First floor, left corridor."

“Thank you,” Will said.

The inscription on the room’s door was simple. Three elegant cursive numbers on a silver plate, *three nine four*.

A private room.

Will opened the door and his heart stopped.

Hannibal lay still and silent on the bed. He looked so small, hooked up to the monitors. Hannibal always excluded confidence and elegance from every pore. He was the centre of every room, always in motion, except for those moments he wished to fade into the background.

He wasn’t meant to be like this.

The monitors beeped steadily as Will crept closer. There were several cuts and bruises on Hannibal’s face and bare arms. Will’s eyes trailed along the exposed flesh, drinking in the sight with greed. He’d never seen Hannibal in anything other than his three-piece suits. His hair was not smoothed back but instead fell into his face, the ends of the strands just barely kept out of his eyes.

Will felt a surge of affection, followed by one of shame. Here he was, checking out his unconscious psychiatrist. Way to be a creep.

Blinking, Will quickly put himself in the chair next to the bed, turning his eyes away. He was sure Hannibal didn’t want Will to see him like this, didn’t want *anyone* to see him like this. The man was always so in control.

And now he was not. Will fiddled with the chart next to the hospital bed. Short-term amnesia, it read. A mix of opioids, including morphine, to help with the pain. Just enough to dull it.

Will thought Hannibal would have rather gone without.

The profiler did not know how long he sat there, Hannibal unresponsive next to him, staring at the doctor’s hand. The appendage was still and limp, resting on the blanket in such a way that a nurse must’ve positioned it like that. Will traced the contours of Hannibal’s long fingers with his eyes, mapping out every wrinkle, every little scar and blemish. He wished Hannibal would turn his hand around so he could memorize his fingerprints.

The heart-monitor beeped steadily.

A strange peacefulness permeated the room. There was nothing in Will’s world but Hannibal’s hand, the white of the hospital blanket surrounding it, and the beepint of the monitor. It should be alien. Instead, it felt familiar. Hannibal had always made him feel safe, ever since those very same hands held fast and steady to Abigail’s neck.

The door opened. A woman gasped.

Will looked up. “Alana.”

Alana looked as shocked to see Hannibal as Will had – maybe even more. She quickly recovered and was next to the bed with a few sure steps, grasping Hannibal's hand in hers.

Will felt a pang of jealousy. Which was stupid. He'd been sitting here for half an hour, maybe more, and hadn't touched Hannibal once.

"Jack given you an update?"

Alana nodded, lips pressed together.

"I'm just glad he's okay," she said.

"Yeah."

"It just seems so stupid," Alana's voice was small. "Someone like him, a car accident? When Jack told me, my first thought was *this is a prank*."

"Yes," Will said.

"And, and, amnesia," Alana continued, eyes shining. "It's– dangerous. Unpredictable."

Will swallowed. Out of every part of Hannibal, it was his mind that was the most unique. The most him. To see it hurt this way–

"Yes," he said, and prayed his voice sounded steady. Alana was still holding Hannibal's hand, clutching it tightly.

"I spoke to his doctor just now," she said. "He could wake up at any moment. He probably won't remember anything, but if he's speaking English instead of gibberish, it will be a good sign."

"Lithuanian," Will corrected her.

Alana blinked, looking at Will as if just remembering he was here. "Sorry?"

"He wasn't speaking gibberish, I think," Will repeated his earlier words to Jack. "Hannibal's originally from Lithuania, so he was probably speaking Lithuanian."

Alana looked at him. Will only now realized he'd just called the man *Hannibal*, and swallowed thickly. Was that normal?

"I didn't know that," Alana said thickly.

Will shrugged, uncomfortable. He avoided Alana's gaze, checking his watch instead. *Half past five.*

Half past five?!

"I'll get him something to eat," Will said, squashing the shiver of panic inside of him ruthlessly. "Give you two some privacy." He wasn't sure if they were together. Seeing Alana

now, he thought she wanted them to be. They would be good together. Both renowned psychiatrists, both beautiful and elegant, both sane.

The thought caused something ugly to stir in his chest. Will wasn't sure who it was directed at.

"Thank you," Alana said, so Will left.

Hannibal would hate eating hospital food. Ideally, Will would cook something himself, meagre skills that he had. But Wolf Trap was too far away, and though Hannibal had never made any effort to hide the code to his key-pad whenever he dragged Will along to dinner after their sessions, it felt wrong to invade Hannibal's kitchen without permission.

He did have money, and Google, and a car. The restaurant he'd chosen for take-out wasn't a place he'd ever go to for himself, but he remembered Hannibal remarking upon the good service once. From him, that was practically a glowing review.

When he called Charleston, they were uncooperative right up until the moment he mentioned Hannibal's name.

Forty-five minutes after leaving Alana, Will stepped once again into the hospital. It was past six by now. Hannibal must be hungry.

Clutching his bag to his chest, Will made his way through the hospital until he once more stood in front of Hannibal's hospital door.

There were voices coming from the inside. His chest constricted, stomach fluttering with nerves.

Will knocked.

A beat, and Alana opened the door, eyes red-rimmed. She smiled at him, eyes flickering to the paper bag. There was something in her eyes he couldn't place.

"Will. Hannibal's just woken up," she said. "He knows his name, but doesn't remember anything else." *Doesn't remember me*, and Will wondered what Hannibal had said. "But he's speaking English again."

"That's good. What's he like, with the... the drugs."

"A little slower and a lot more frank," Alana said, and *oh*. "See for yourself."

Alana scurried back into the room, occupying the lone chair within it. Will took a deep breath, inhaling the odour of the meal in his hands, and entered.

Hannibal was sitting upright in the bed, the blue hospital gown alien on his body. His hands were folded in his lap. His eyes were sharp, their usual light brown darkened to something more dangerous.

Will stood next to the bed and watched him.

There was something about the stillness of Hannibal's body, the way his arms were positioned, that made Will think of a snake. A predator.

Will blinked, and the feeling was gone.

"Hello," Will said. He wanted to say something else, something to convey his relief at Hannibal being alive, but he didn't know what to say.

"Hello," Hannibal responded. His eyes were bright. "You are very beautiful."

Will stiffened in surprise and felt a blush rise to his cheeks without his permission. He looked at Alana with a panicked question in his eyes – *what do I do now?*

But Alana only stared at him with amusement that did not quite disguise the jealous tilt of her mouth. That was not what Will wanted to deal with right now, so he looked back at Hannibal.

They stared at each other for moment until Hannibal cocked his head.

"Are you my husband?"

Will chocked on thin air. "What makes you say that?"

Hannibal hummed. "You've brought me food," the doctor said, "from a medium to high-quality restaurant, if my sense of smell is accurate. This implies you know me well enough to know of my dislikes, and care enough to go through the effort of obtaining it for me. Your scent is familiar – you were here, before. You are an attractive man–"

"Attraction is subjective," Will interrupted him, which was not the response he should be having right now. Alana had gone stiff with shock, looking between the two of them with disbelieving eyes.

Hannibal arched an eyebrow, as if to say *and so what*. "Let me correct myself: I think you are an attractive man. You did not protest when I said so. You look at me with relief and fear, which is a common mixture for people who have almost lost a loved one. You do not share my features, which means we are not family."

"I'm not wearing a ring," Will said dumbly.

Hannibal blinked. "You are not." He frowned at his own hands, motions just a bit too slow, and Will was suddenly reminded of the drugs in his system. "I am not wearing one, either. Partners? Dating?"

Will opened his mouth, then closed it again. He did not know what to say, so he simply shook his head.

"Oh," Hannibal said. "Pity."

Will flushed crimson. If somebody was to ask how he felt right now, he would lie.

“By that logic,” he said, looking desperately for something to change the subject, “why wouldn’t Alana be your wife?” Will was once again confronted with his ability to make things more awkward, instead of less.

Hannibal turned his head to regard Alana, scanning her superficially before returning his gaze back to Will. “She is an attractive woman,” he said casually, and this time it was Alana who blushed. “But I am not attracted to her,” Hannibal continued, eyes still on Will.

“You are very forward like this,” Will said. He felt strangely flattered. From the flash of satisfaction in Hannibal’s eyes, Will didn’t think he’d managed to hide it.

“My apologies,” Hannibal countered smoothly. “I find my usual barriers between thought and speech somewhat lowered. I suspect it is because of the drugs in my system.”

Will swallowed. “Yes. Is there anything else you want to know?” Will asked. “Anything?” Anything but this. Maybe something about his job, his past, literally anything else?

“Why are we not together?”

Will coughed, putting the meal on a nearby table. “Christ. Talk about a one-track mind,” fighting back the blush that was threatening to re-emerge.

He’d never felt so… *wanted*.

“Alana has explained the basics of my situation,” Hannibal elaborated. “I know I was in an accident, that we are in Baltimore, USA, and that my memory is expected to return within twenty-four hours. This means other questions about my life or circumstances are irrelevant. The information will return to me.”

“As will your barriers,” Will added. “You may regret the things you are saying now.”

“I am sure you will forgive me,” Hannibal said smoothly.

Will looked away.

“Excuse me,” Alana spoke suddenly, rising from her chair. Will met her eyes, startled, and was surprised at how easily he could read her. Surprise, anger, jealously, although it was unclear who it was directed at. It was difficult to lecture someone on ethics when they’d forgotten who they were in the first place. He saw her desire to stay here and make sure things stayed above board, mixed with her desire to get as far away from here as possible.

Evidently, the latter won. “I’m going to call Jack and inform him you’re awake,” Alana said and swiftly exited the room.

“Who is Jack?” Hannibal asked, curious.

“My boss,” Will said, looking at where Alana had disappeared. “You work with him as well, sometimes.”

“Is that why we are not together?”

Will's head swivelled back to Hannibal, only to find Hannibal's eyes had never left him. "No," Will said.

"Are you not attracted to men?"

Will chuckled self-deprecatingly. "Usually not," he admitted, staring at Hannibal's lips, then his forearms. There was a surprising amount of muscle underneath the suit.

"But you are to me," Hannibal deduced correctly.

Will's gut clenched in shame. "You are my sort-of psychiatrist," he said, deciding to rip off the bandage in one go.

"So?"

Will's head shot up. "What do you mean, *so*?"

"You specifically said *sort-of*," Hannibal said, speaking slowly. "This implies the doctor-patient relationship is not official. I do not see this as an insurmountable objection."

Will blinked. He was starting to feel a little hot. "Don't let Alana hear you say that," he said.

"I suspect that when I regain my memories, I would have rather have no one would have heard me say any of this," Hannibal admitted.

Will smiled wryly. "You're probably right," he said. "You're a bit of a control freak."

Hannibal shrugged, as if to say *what do you do*.

"Why do you speak, then, if you know this? You could have pretended to only speak Lithuanian until you got your memories back."

Hannibal blinked and a pleased smile played on his lips. "And you say we are not partners."

Will looked at Hannibal's hands. They were still folded in his lap; long and elegant. Will wondered how they would feel against his—

"It is because of you," Hannibal said.

Will's eyes shot to Hannibal's shoulder. "What?"

"That I did not pretend," Hannibal elaborated. He spoke even slower now, tongue thick in his mouth, accent stronger than usual.

"Oh," Will said. He felt the urge to lean forward, to tuck himself away in Hannibal's arms. Strong and steady, even when suffering from amnesia. Safe, even from the monsters in his own head.

Hannibal must have read something in his eyes, because he leaned forward with a mischievous smile. "Would you do me a favour?" he asked, eyes half-lidded.

“Maybe.”

“Kiss me,” Hannibal commanded.

Will swallowed. His eyes flickered to Hannibal’s lips. “No,” he said, even though the thought lay sweetly in his mind.

“Why not?”

“It’s wrong.”

Hannibal stiffened and something flashed in his eyes before his face smoothed out into an impermeable mask. “Of course,” the doctor said. “My apologies. I seem to have-”

“Wait,” Will said, catching up with the fact that he had just *hurt* Hannibal. “It’s not like that. I want to.”

Hannibal’s eyes found Will’s, searching. It took a long moment before he spoke again. “Then why don’t you?”

“I don’t think you can fully consent to something like that right now,” Will said.

Hannibal leaned back into his pillow slowly, eyes almost closed, by now. “That’s very polite. I’ll have to ask again, later,” the older man murmured. Will wanted to believe him.

“I’ll say yes,” Will said. This brought a genuine smile to Hannibal’s lips.

“Thank you,” he slurred, then there was something unintelligible, maybe Lithuanian. Hannibal sighed contently and fell back limply, already asleep.

Will sat down in the chair next to the bed, feeling strangely warm. He didn’t leave the spot until morning.

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